46, Gordon Square,
Bloomsbury.

Dec 15?

My Violet.

I hope your husband is all right. I check your stage by Thorby: he is very cheerful today, & saw Peter. Kelly sent him some flowers; & next week visitors are to be admitted. Snow sends her daily report: it is always excellent, & rather voluptuous. They find each other's company satisfactory at all points: I do think that is

like a taste for oysters. or shall
we say clams? But it
comes in useful now. It is
plain to me that I am a
very inefficient sister; but
I also perceive that I can
keep. You should hear my
morning dialogues - what invention
& resource, skill & courage I shew!
Books too high!! What is the
price of veal cutlets a lb?
Where is the second leg of yesterday's
Chicken? O my eye - why
should not be confined to the
drawing room, or style to the study?

NYPL

I am going to see Kitty to morrow.
a curious woman, with a soul like
colour & an opal. Now I like
unwrapping up profound little sentences
like that for you to unroll as for
me - look at your countenance.
I - well, what about I? too much
about I. Don't I remember the
Crossing from Ostend, the yellow
cover, & the tame goldfinch, &
the voice that went on, like the
voice of judgment. solemn & insatiable
at my ear - while the sea flew
grey!
So now about V: well, V. does
Equally for I & for Vanessa -
I am surprised with Vanessa: -
I suppose I will talk about Violet. ?
Is she a good happy resigned woman!
Christina Rossetti positively liked
being ill she said; it reminded her of her

narrow bed, & of the chance of hell fire,
& the probable eternity of torment.
And to a Christian this is about the
most cheerful thought in the world.
I wish that it might be enough about the
next world: you see I die by & by
(unwillingly).
I think it must be bad for your
moral soul to inhale such air so
much indeed as the morning post
offers up punctually at your bedside:
"Darling" from Kathleen "Beloved" from
Stella - & all kinds of significant silent
Hermes [?] (not that in a novel) from
Haldane & Horace. NYPL
Ken with paper there is no
news.
I wish we could put over pen in
the fire, & fix to the material
embrace.

Yr WD.

My Mss. went to Headlam today

46, Gordon Square,
Bloomsbury.

Dec 15. On Wednesday.

My Violet.

For a woman who writes
facts you are singularly
contractable. I swear that
joke swelled on my pen, like
a drop of perspiration - or did
I mean inspiration? O
why do you dwell upon the
material point of view - what
are shells, what are hot water
bottles, when the Xtian faith
is celebrating (beneath my window)

it's 1906th anniversary?
Well: Thoby is feeling strong — at least the Dr. is satisfied, & he nurses are pleased: her hegemi to curse a good deal, & paints ent the visitors & a mutton chop. Are you allowed solids yet, he wants to know. The Dr. promises to let him up by Christmas. He means to go first to Bournemouth & then to Wiltshire when he is Quite cured to hunt with Peter. Snow sends me an occasional line; but she has a Harrogate sense of humour. However, I gather that Vera is extremely well, & very happy;

they walk every afternoon. I
don't hear from Iersa. Her
address is, West Woodhay House
Newbury
Berks.

So now we may listen to our
Carols again. What a strange
religion — & to think that Jon
& Christina Rossetti & the
boarding house & Bloomsbury all
worship at the same shrine.
Here supposing I went & danced
Chaste Bacchic dances beneath the
plane trees, & chanted the odes
of Sappho, the next policeman
would put me in an ambulance.
Do come at once & your sick room a

Buddhist. I dined with George -
Margaret last night, & we had
some very Epicurite conversation; I
do like refined home life - connubial
maternal & civic affections all
sound & serious. If Plato
were alive I should take him to
Charles Street: Margaret would
entertain him, as George say. Really
she is a good woman; in 10 years
I shall love her. I look at the germ
sometimes, not it is a healthy growth. but
some what stunted.

I am to hear about your
husband. nor do I know what
to free gentleman we may offer
through the post.

Yr WS.

46, Gordon Square,
Bloomsbury.

Dec 17 [illegible]

My Violet

This must be an inarticulate scrawl, like the twitter of some frozen sparrow in the grave; and behind [illegible] bars. Thompson suddenly proposes to move Shirley at the end of the week – Friday or Saturday – to the New Forest. He sat up [illegible] to day, & the great thing is to get away as soon as

possible. It seems rather
marvellous, as this is the
first time he has been up -
but it will be a mercy if
we can do it.
Aunt Menna will let us
have a her house, & it
all goes well Adrian -
I, Thursday & a nurse meet
them on Friday I expect
to avoid the crowd.
He is decidedly better. & seems
every day something.

Very good news of Mesa through the usual illustrated medium.

I wish you could all come away at the same time Oggy too.

&

I hope he is better

Yours ever but in love.

AS.

46, Gordon Square,
Bloomsbury.

Sunday.

[17 Dec 1906]

My Violet.

I am sorry about your husband. But I dont see what I can do anything, as the Aunts all say. You know my beautifully spiritual theory. That friendship is entirely a thing of the mind,

& a thought is worth perhaps
twenty dozen deeds. A profound
truth is hid beneath that seemingly
smooth surface. Break it, & dive
beneath.

Inoby has a Button already,
but, asking again on my system,
he thanks you as much, no
more, for the merest man me
ded. He is really setting
on web, & we talk of be setting
up, & going away, & the future.
Old Rosa, hybernating like a sleepy

bear sends articulate messages
through the literal Snow: Nena reads
the best love. & say 'it's a fine day.
What is to be done with a mind
like that I ask you? If I had it
I should print by the power of affliction,
then of religion, then of education:
I should break it & furnish it
stamp it & polish it till it bore
some resemblance to human nature.
However she says that Nena "looks
extraordinarily well already" I copy
words because you won't believe
mine.

I have been having a outbreak of
music & hearing certain notes
to which I could be wed - pure
simple notes. smooth from all passion
& frailty, & flawless as gems. that

means so much to me, & so letter to son!
How do son know that sound has
shape & colour & texture as well?

A London Sunday affords no
topics for letter, unless it be the
singular absence means edifying
topic of the Christian religion.
A Church bell - they ring them for
a hour daily - say something to me
hardly to be translated: there again
it is sound that wraps up the
meaning & colour & translates it
& keeps it mystic & unexplored
meanwhile. Should you think there was
any sense in that! A letter should
be flawless as a gem, continuous as an
eggshell, & lucid as glass. I send
you that for your next tract.
I am going to be Librarian at
Morley: mein Sheep is says that she
thinks my stiff is rather [illegible] for
influencing men the direct intellectual teaching
Do get well, beloved
Vita. XX

46, Gordon Square,
Bloomsbury.

Dec 19th 1906

My Vi. o Leb.

If there is one book that I want more than another – no, it's not the Bible – it is the Poems of John Keats. in a brand new edition, complete in one vol. published by the Clarendon Press at Oxford. Give me that & I shall dream all day beneath leafless Do you think trees.

That intelligent nurse could
carry out this prescription, –
see that the book is brown,
with a white label – not unlike
a fine posset.

Adrian says what may I lend
Violet as a token of my
affection?
Your Love, sez I.
But she has that already,
sez he.
" I would rather be near Violet
than anyone else in London "

NYPL

is another literal quotation.

I felt peace drop upon my
soul this afternoon, & my
temper is excellent this evening.
You know, there is nothing like
friendship in this world.

Do sleep, & dream sweetly.

L M.